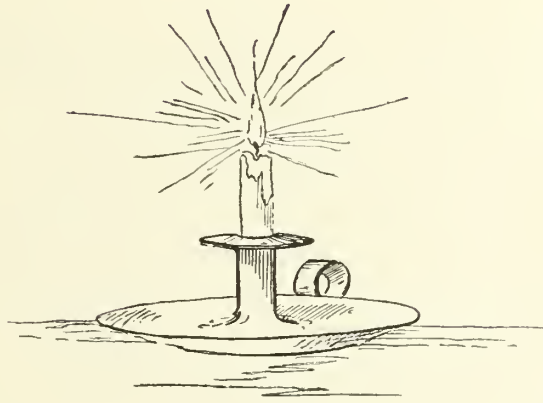


NORMALITES



NORMALITES

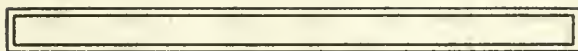


Salem Normal School

1914

To you who have our careless ways corrected,
Our aimless efforts earnestly directed,
Who've laughed at every foolish notion,
To common sense demanded due devotion ;
Who've given us good advice for future good,
And as an ideal in our profession stood ;
With gratitude for the work enjoyed,
We dedicate our class-book—

Miss Learoyd



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Secretary, GRACE NOBLE.

Treasurer, ARLINE SAWYER.

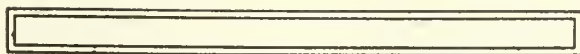
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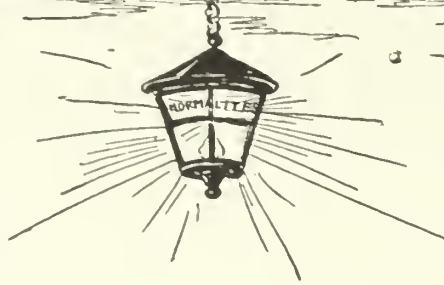
ROSE M. WOOLLEY.

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Since 1911 the graduating classes have not attempted to publish a class book. Previous to that time, various classes have published one, some of the earlier ones being known as "The New Mosaic", and others simply as "The Class Book." We have selected the title "Normalites" because we hope that the contents of this book and the memories which it will recall will linger as beacon lights focusing their rays on "Dear Old Salem Normal."

The class of 1914 will be the one hundredth class to graduate from the Salem Normal School. During the period of its existence, the school has seen many changes. When first established, she was wont to send forth her daughters (no sons), diploma in hand, twice a year, in January and also in June. The last class to graduate in winter was the class of January, 1897. The Salem Normal School was open only to girls in the beginning, but in 1897 she threw open her doors to the men of New England. A great many young men have accepted the opportunity and she is now proud of both sons and daughters.

Among the changes, the most noticeable is the new plan for the training in teaching. According to this plan, each student has charge of a small class in a room by herself. The students are under the supervision of regular teachers who divide their time among these small classes. All the seniors who have worked under the new plan feel that they have gained a great deal. The opportunities afforded the student teachers are excellent. They are given a chance to meet the problems of the profession on a small scale and cope with them. The power to carry along the work of the class alone, gained under the new plan, will be invaluable when the student teachers are no longer students.

About five weeks ago a course of ten lessons in cooking was offered to the seniors. The number of applicants was large. The apparatus available was small and only eighteen of the young ladies could be admitted. As Mr. Pitman expressed it, the eighteen who would probably have need (he did not give the circumstances) of such knowledge were selected. We hope he has made no mistake in his choice.

As the school grows older, we feel that there is less distinction between the Senior and Junior classes. We hope, however, that our successors will do even more than we have been able to accomplish in eliminating class distinction. Some of the best means are the friendly meetings in the gymnasium, and the receptions. The establishment of a dormitory would be helpful in bringing about close relationship between the classes. May Salem Normal School soon have one!

The Salem Normal School has been selected by the Board of Education as one of the normal schools in which an advanced course for those specializing in upper grade work shall be established. Four of the former graduates of the school have taken advantage of the course this year, and we hope that many of the class of 1914 will return to profit by the fine courses offered. There seems to be a growing demand for specialists in upper grade work, particularly since the State Board favors having the two years' course fit students only for the first six grades. There is thus an opening left for those specially fitted for the seventh and eighth grades. Think it over—Seniors.

Tell me pretty mayflower,
Growing in the spring
Tell to me the message
That you again do bring;
Tell me why you like to grow
Underneath the leaves so low
Tell me is it pride
That makes you want to hide?



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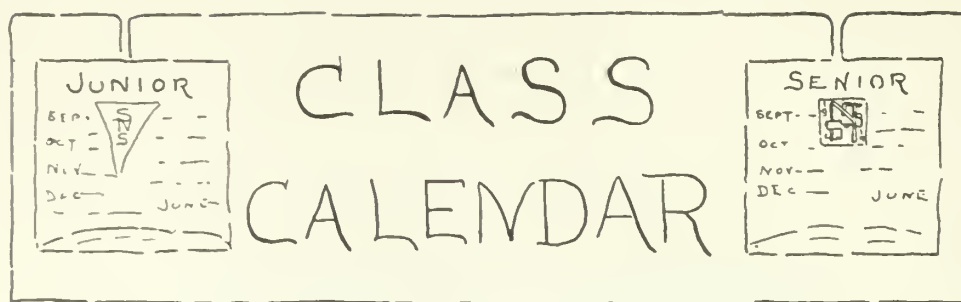
RICHARD WILLIAMS BRAY

Remembering his cheerful smile and energetic
shake of the hand,
his kindly spirit, and his loyalty,
the Senior Class
dedicates this page to the memory of
their friend and classmate,

Richard Williams Bray

When the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die and cannot be destroyed.

—*Wordsworth.*



SEPTEMBER, 1912. This month proves to be the most exasperating hunting month of the season. Recitation rooms too widely separated to make connections on time. Locusts too active to be trapped in pasteboard boxes for Juniors to take to teacher for dissection. Many fine friends captured, however, which gives the students courage for class organization.

OCTOBER, 1912. Recitation rooms have become fixed so that we can name them off in our sleep. Preserving jar well supplied with our new friends (?) the locusts. Girls fast adopting customs of Normal: viz., *trying* to refrain from loud talking in the hall; returning books promptly (?) at nine; keeping up to date (?).

NOVEMBER, 1912. Is there any Junior who is not perfectly at home? We think not, for we have a cordial reception by the Seniors, an Irish concert by Senior III; and a song recital by F. Morse Wemple from New England Conservatory. What a delightful month!

DECEMBER, 1912. If any one feels chilly, let him join the Junior acrobats in their frantic efforts to jump over horse, etc., in gym. Juniors present a tea-set to members of Faculty in remembrance of Christmas season.

JANUARY, 1913. Junior Class becomes famous at first appearance in public when reception is given to Seniors. Ladies' Orchestral concert given. Reward for first half of year presented to students in form of marks which furnish excellent study for psychologists—"every impression has its expression."

FEBRUARY, 1913. How popular Miss Goldsmith's room is, especially preceding the exams on birds. Our feathered friends of the cardboard boxes certainly receive their just share of attention. After studying birds, Juniors collect fruits, etc., to manufacture natural dyes in the laboratory. Result: dyed hands and gowns, and a *few* pretty colors.

MARCH, 1913. Distribution of individual farms containing one square foot of ideal soil. Problem: to raise one row each of beans, rye, and corn. Small watering cans much in evidence. Great annual contest between Juniors and Seniors. Seniors victorious, but cheering and decorations of Juniors far exceeding Seniors.' Concert given by Arensky trio.

APRIL, 1913. The Juniors join the Seniors in giving a reception to the Faculty. Zoölogy room again popular. You ask the reason? Daily or hourly observation of plant experiments. Frequent watering in hope of bringing to life the poor neglected sprouted seeds.

MAY, 1913. Trip through the streets of Ye Old Towne of Salem with a professional attitude, carrying guide books in search of the famous landmarks. "Suffragettes?" asked those whom we met. Great speculation among the Juniors in regard to who shall first teach in the Practice School.

JUNE, 1913. Junior IV chosen to teach first—wonderful teaching plans supposed to be lodged between the covers of those plan books—we wonder about it. Usual anxiety over promotion expressed. Juniors have honor of decorating school for commencement exercises and choice of eleven girls for daisy chain. We are to lose one of our dearest teachers, for Miss Deane has decided to give up teaching at the close of the year; but as Mrs. Cushing, she still remains one of the faculty.

SEPTEMBER, 1913. The same girls return to these well beloved halls, but are they the same? Where are the ribbons? Where the girlish, irresponsible air? Whence these dignified young ladies? Happy renewal of old friendships! But we miss two of our friends. Dick Bray has just been taken from us by death. Mr. Whitman has resigned to become a member of an editorial staff in New York. Class organization.

OCTOBER, 1913. Mr. Cushing takes us on one of his interesting trips to Devereaux, where the one man of the class makes himself famous by preventing a serious accident. We welcome the Juniors at an afternoon reception.

NOVEMBER, 1913. The new practice schools receive the Senior Class 1914 as pioneer teachers under the new plan (each normal school student is to have a small class by herself). Much pleasure given to school by concert by String Quartet and a Scotch concert by Senior III, in which the Highland Fling was danced by Miss Manley is highly commended.

DECEMBER, 1913. Senior I adds much to spirit of Christmas by giving a splendid concert and in presenting the Misses Payne and Higgins as champion story tellers. A fine recital given by Mrs. Margaret Millea Henry, in which she sings many of the rote songs, which doubtless many of us will teach soon.

JANUARY, 1914. Mr. Sauer comes to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Whitman, and at once wins the respect of all. His field-trips are especially attractive and instructive. Durel Shring Quartet furnishes splendid concert.

FEBRUARY, 1914. Juniors give Seniors a rousing good reception in the new hall. Italian concert given by Senior IV. Information concerning harbors and glaciers very abundant among the higher classmen.

MARCH, 1914. Semi-final marks come out, but of course the Seniors show no sign of emotion. A great deal of excitement noticed on Senior side one morning. What can it be? *Only* a little stone sparkling on the ring finger of one of our nicest Seniors. Do you remember that morning?

(APRIL, 1914. Seniors have become full fledged farmers as may be seen if you look at the garden. A selected group of eighteen are taking cooking in the new domestic department. German concert by Senior II, in which Mr. Sauer gives delightful illustrated talk on German folk songs. Plans for graduation are in progress. A Shakespearian musicale and pantomime commemorating the year of the author's birth will be given during the final week in June.

A. F. H.



The Glee Club

The Glee Club was organized in 1905, by Mr. Archibald, and has been a leading force in the school ever since.

It is an honor to be a member of the club. The members are chosen by selection from sixty to seventy candidates of the Junior and Senior classes. Each girl chosen becomes a member for the remainder of her course. The number of new members is determined by the number of Seniors leaving the club each year. The work done by the club is volunteer work, and is done for the pleasure and profit gained—not the credit.

In years past, the Glee Club has sung at several social functions in this city, and has always been much appreciated. The Glee Club takes an active part in the graduation exercises.

The Glee Club gives a concert every year. In 1913 the Glee Club at Salem went to Framingham, where a joint concert was given. It was the first time in the history of the normal schools of the state, that such a plan had been carried out. The club was royally entertained by the Framingham faculty and students. In the same year the club joined in helping the athletic association with its minstrel show.

Since the joint concert in Framingham, both clubs have looked forward with pleasure to the concert this year. The Salem Club entertained the Framingham Club. The two schools were brought together in a closer relationship, which it is hoped may be continued through the coming years.

Several times during the year, the club has added to the enjoyment of the opening exercises of the school, and during the musical hour on Friday.

The importance of such an organization cannot be overestimated. It brings the girls together in a close bond of friendship; thus it is a social power in our school. It also gives to the school in general, enjoyment and the greater ability to appreciate the best music.

The club and the Senior Class pay tribute to our supervisor, Mr. Archibald, whose never failing interest has made the years pleasant and profitable for us.

E. B. C.



The Art Club

In November, 1913, Mr. Whitney invited any members of the school who were especially interested in art to join an art club which he was about to organize. Nearly thirty girls responded to the invitation, and all feel that they have profited greatly by the year's work under Mr. Whitney's leadership.

During the winter the time was spent in studying the lives of the old masters and in making books in which to record the lives of the artists. Each member of the club gave a short talk upon one of the artists, and the rest incorporated these notes into their books. These books also contained two or three of the artist's best pictures. The books are tastefully bound in soft brown or gray leather, and show fine workmanship.

In March, the Club was allowed to have an afternoon free in which to visit the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Mr. Whitney's explanations and interpretations of the works of art were of great value to all those who were able to go on the trip. The members have also had the opportunity to visit two exhibitions of the Boston Art Club. The Club will always remember the pleasant afternoon spent in Mr. Whitney's home, when the topic for discussion was home furnishings.

In the spring a sketching trip was taken. It was impossible to go out of doors as much as desired because of the unfavorable weather. Some time also was devoted to spring nature work.

The Club feels grateful to Mr. Whitney for the sacrifice of his time, and appreciates the enthusiasm he puts into all he does for his students.

H. L.

There is a man from Danvers,
Who lives in a bungalow;
His work's supreme,
While ours 'twould seem
Is naught but a bungle—oh!

Spring Signs

Come, hail the time with mirth and rhyme,
For spring is here again!
The robin now, on every bough,
Chirps bravely through the rain.

The white lambs gay all frisk and play,
Among the pastures green.
Beneath a tree, anemones
Peep out to greet the scene.

But birds may fail, and violet quail
When breath of March blows on it;
There's still one thing will tell of spring—
The brand new Easter bonnet.

K. A.

A Popular Excuse

We stood on the bridge for an hour,
In a stuffy electric car;
We were blocked by something or other
And Salem still was far.

As we clung to our straps in that trolley,
And glared at the seated men,
How we longed for the normal school!
Should we ever see it again?

At last the car was moving;
I was so startled then
That I stepped on the toe of my neighbor,
And made him shout with pain.

Now I think of the many thousands,
Each angry enough for ten,
Who, blaming the Bay State Railway,
Have been blocked on the bridge since then.

And forever, and forever,
As long as the street car goes,
Students, who are late to their lessons,
Will ascribe to the trolley their woes.

G. M. MacK.



Kappa Delta Phi

One of the greatest bonds for holding students together in school or college, or after they have become alumni, is a fraternal society. For some years there has been an organization of this kind, the Kappa Delta Phi, at the Bridgewater Normal School. In consequence of the steadily increasing number of men at the Salem Normal School, a chapter of this Fraternity was organized during the past term. Fitchburg Normal and Boston Normal Art are the next to be considered.

The Salem Chapter was organized on January 17 by a committee from the Fraternity at Bridgewater and a number of the alumni, under the direction of Mr. Cushing. Ten charter members were admitted on that night and it was an interesting night for the new members.

The charter members are E. F. Richards, Pres.; M. R. Hutchinson, V. P.; A. M. Rankin, Treas.; C. C. Olson, Sec.; T. J. Driscoll; A. W. S. Turner, C. E. Hogan, G. W. Turner, J. M. Burke, and C. D. Bresee.

In April C. P. O'Rourke, W. F. Barrett, and L. C. Millard took the first and second degrees, and after they have fully recovered the effects, the third degree will be administered to them. This will make them members of the Kappa Delta Phi.

The Fraternity holds an annual banquet at Boston each year. Several of our members attended the 1914 banquet. There is also a banquet given in June by the individual chapters to elect officers for the coming year and close up business for the past year.

The aim of the society is to create a fraternal spirit and not in any way to lead to the formation of cliques.

E. F. R.

A. M. R.

The Gentleman

I mustn't make a noise today
Because my grandma's sick;
I mustn't dare to run away
Or Papa'll get the stick.
I mustn't play with other boys
Or have a bit of fun;
I must sit quietly, and try
To be a gentleman.

G. E. M.

Miserere

There was a gloom cast o'er our class;
We Seniors were in sorrow.
Our groans were loud, our sighs were deep
At thoughts of each tomorrow.

For we were sailing troubled seas;
Our crafts were hard to man;
Our course lay through the rocks and reefs
Of the shorthand lesson-plan.

The chart was thus mapped out for us:
"The aim you first define;
Then down the center of the page
You draw a bold black line."

Instructions follow quite minute:
"Begin them with review;
Then when you're sure they've mastered that,
Just give them something new."

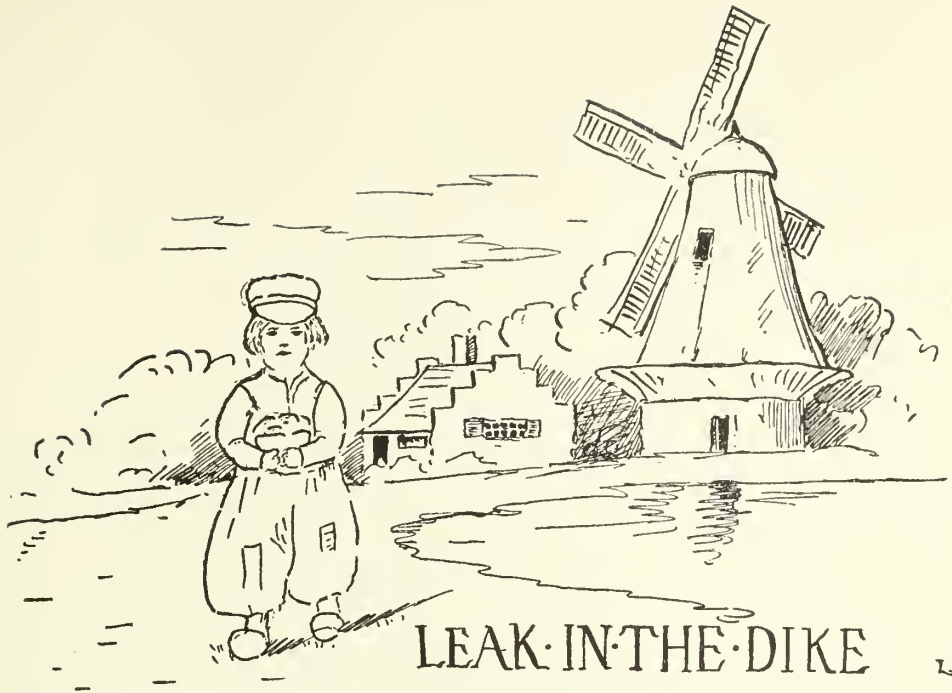
We steered our course by broad moonlight
Through many a "curve" and "angle",
But midst the "hooks" we sailors bold
Were caught in hopeless tangle.

By perseverance we emerged
In somewhat worse condition;
When cruel fate laid hold of us
In the gulf-stream of "position."

Soon "half-lengths" brought us choppy seas.
We murmured "Sink or Swim";
But no fear was in the Captain's heart
And we owe our lives to him.

But Senior patience suffereth long,
Eternal is our sorrow;
For now we've mastered Benn Pitman,
We've other woes to borrow.

L. E. C.



Dramatization forms a very important part of the language work, especially in the lower grades. In the first grade, the children dramatize orally rhymes in reading, fables, and other graphic stories. The story is read to them, and then the children are chosen to represent the characters. Children very readily enter into the spirit of the story, and act out the parts with considerable originality, with only a little guidance on the part of the teacher. The work continues throughout the year with longer stories and more characters.

In the second and third grades, pictures are introduced as a basis for original composition. Before allowing the children to make up a conversation suggested by a picture, the teacher must interest them in the picture by asking questions which will suggest a story. The conversation may be coöperative work written on the board by the teacher.

Thus with oral training in dramatizing stories, and making up stories in form of conversations from pictures as a basis, a class in the fourth or fifth grade may put a story into simple dramatic form. In a simple selection like "The Leak in the Dike", it is necessary first to get the setting of the story. For instance, the children need to know what dikes are, why they are necessary, and the responsibility each person feels in protecting the country from destruction by the ocean. After getting the setting, the teacher should read the story to the children. When the main thought is familiar, it is necessary to discuss the characters, the divisions of the story into parts to represent the scenes, and the setting of each scene. The children are then ready to make up the conversation together. The following might be what the children would produce.

H. E. S.

The Leak in the Dike

SCENE I.

Scene: Dutch interior. At one side of the room is a table covered with a white cloth. At the opposite side is a large old-fashioned fireplace with shining andirons. A box with a few logs in it stands near the fireplace. Mother, dressed in simple Dutch costume, is scrubbing a pan which already shines like silver. Children's voices heard playing outside.

Mother (putting the pan into the cupboard): There! that's the last of those pans scrubbed and put away. It's getting late, and I want Peter to take those cakes to Blind William before dark. (Going to the door): Peter! Peter!

Peter (answering outside): Yes, Mother, I'm coming.

(Enter Peter, breathlessly).

Peter: Oh, mother, we've been having such a good time! I just—

Mother: Yes, yes, Peterkin! But I want you to go now to the old blind man's hut, and take these cakes. He must be very lonely down there all alone.

Peter: He never sees the storks flying overhead, and he never sees the flowers. I think he must be very lonely.

Mother (giving him the cakes): Here they are. You must hurry, for I want you to get back before dark.

Peter: Why, Mother, I'm not afraid no matter how dark it is. But I'll hurry. Good-bye.

Exit Peter.

Mother (watching him from the window): He is a good boy, and I know he will do as I wish.

(Curtain).

SCENE II.

Scene: The interior of the hut of the blind man. Furniture, a table and a chair. The old man sitting at the table, leaning heavily upon his cane in front of him. A violin lies on the table.

Blind Man: It is so lonely here! No one has passed the hut today. I'm glad I have my violin to keep me from being lonely all the time. (He touches the instrument lovingly as he speaks.)

(A whistle is heard outside.)

Blind Man: Hark! Some one is coming. I wonder who it can be!

(Enter Peter joyously.)

Peter: Hullo, Uncle. Guess what I've brought for you.

Blind Man (gently): Oh! it's Peterkin, is it? I don't know, I'm sure. I think it's a flower.

Peter (dancing joyously about the room): No, better than that. Try again.

Blind Man: I guess it's a glass of jelly from your mother.

Peter: Wrong again. It's better even than that.

Blind Man (affectionately): I guess it is just yourself you've brought.

Peter: Oh, no! it's a great deal better than that. It's some little cakes mother made.

Blind Man: Heaven bless your mother! She is an angel. (He takes the cakes and touches them gently with his fingers.)

Peter: Let me put them away for you. (He puts the cakes into the cupboard). Oh,

Uncle! while I was out playing on the dikes the other day, I saw a stork with a broken wing. Will he ever be able to fly again?

Blind Man: It might heal after a while, but he would probably be killed before then.

Peter: Oh, no! I carried him home, and we are going to keep him until he gets well. But I must be going now, uncle. Mother wants me to get home before dark.

Blind Man: I don't like to have you go because you will take the sunshine with you, but be a good boy, Peter, and mind your mother always. Tell her that the cakes will taste very good.

Peter: Good-bye, Uncle. I shall come again in a day or two.

Blind Man: Good-bye, Peter. Run straight home, so that mother won't worry.

(Curtain.)

SCENE III.

Scene: Same as Scene I. Father sits at the table eating his breakfast. Mother is bustling about, trying to work, but keeps going to the window.

Mother: Peter never stayed away from home before without asking if he might. (She goes to the window again.)

Father: Oh! he'll be here soon. Probably he found the old uncle lonely, and stayed all night with him.

Mother: But he told me he would come back before dark, and he has always kept his word.

Father: He is a brave boy, and I dare say he is safe.

Mother (again going to window): I wonder who is coming down the road. There are two men, and they are carrying something between them.

Father: Probably taking something to market.

(Enter Hans and Gretchen. Hans is about six, and Gretchen eight. They are dressed in the ordinary Dutch costume.)

Hans: Mother, have you seen our Peterkin?

Gretchen: Where is our Peterkin?

Mother: He has not come home. Oh, Father! it's a boy they're carrying. It can't be Peter! It is! It is!

(Loud burst of cheering is heard, growing louder and louder. Father rushes out to meet them.)

Mother: They are singing and cheering.

Gretchen (dancing about joyously): Mother, he is safe.

(Enter men, laughing, still bearing Peter on their shoulders. Peter looks rather sheepish.)

Mother: Oh, Peter! where have you been all night?

First Workman: He has been trying to keep the whole ocean out of Holland. It was too hard work, and he fell asleep doing it.

Second Workman: He has saved the land by keeping the water out, and he only fell asleep after we found him, and began to repair the damage.

Mother: He has saved us all.

Peter: I haven't done anything. I only held my hand in the hole, hoping some one would come. I wouldn't have cared if I hadn't been so sleepy. I think it's a good thing the men came when they did, for I was almost asleep. It was such a long time.

(Curtain.)

M. F. R.

H. E. S.

Pictures of Childhood

George Eliot has been called the loving mother of her children characters, but so thoroughly does she understand each trait and feeling, that it seems as if she were one of them. In spirit she really is, for she remembers with great distinctness the happy, incomparable days of her own childhood. Her own life with her brother is even as sweet a picture as those she has described in her books. She says:—

“To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.
Those hours were seed to all my after good;
My infant gladness, through eye, ear and touch,
Took easily as warmth a various food.”

As this little girl grew older, the love still remained a dominant feature of her nature, and, added to the understanding which comes with experience, made possible the beautiful pictures of childhood that we find in her works. They will seem even more beautiful if we stop to think about them in the same loving way.

“’Tis love must see them as the eye sees light.”

Think for a moment of a spacious kitchen back in old England. All is quiet except for the singing of the tea-kettle and the snapping of fire-wood. “Muvver,” says a small, chirping voice, “My iron twite told. I fink Totty needs it hotted.” On a high stool by her mother’s ironing board sits a plump, little red-cheeked girl of three, ironing rags with such assiduity that her tongue must stick from her mouth as far as her anatomy will allow.

“But mother is all through now. Totty must put her ironing away.”

“I fink Totty wants some pum take.”

“No! No! Totty mustn’t tease.”

Totty, however, seems furnished with a number of requests. If one fails, another will do as well. She ends by sticking her fingers in a bowl of starch, tipping it completely over. Then, with a sort of waddling run, she hurriedly retreats into the next room.

Now turn to a different part of England, and see a child in very different circumstances. It is cold. Light snow is on the ground. It is night. Far out over the white ground is the reflexion of a bright light, shining from the door of a little cottage. In the powdery snow is a little child on all fours, holding out one little hand to catch the gleam. Where is it? Ah! it is very far away, and the little one, rising, toddles through the snow, the old dirty shawl in which she is wrapped, trailing behind her. Into the hut of Silas Marner she comes, and up to the blazing hearth. Squatting on an old cloak, spread before the fire to dry, she spreads her little hands and gurgles in great content. But soon all is quiet in the room except for the crackling of the twigs, sending out dimmer and dimmer lights over the body of a sleeping child.

Then comes Silas to sit in his great chair and push the logs together, when, to his dimming sight, it seems as if his long lost gold lay on the floor before him. He trembles. What can it mean? Down goes Silas on his knees. He sees a sleeping child—a beautiful little girl with soft yellow rings all over her head. Poor old Silas pushes more wood on to the fire. It is no vision. The bright gleam lights up all the more clearly the form of the sleeping baby and her shaggy clothing. The old man sinks back in his chair.

There comes a cry from the hearth. Marner stoops and lifts the child to his knee. At once she clings to his neck, and deep down in the heart of the man comes a feeling of contentment such as money could never have given him.

George Eliot also knew the traits of older children. In "Mill on the Floss," based on scenes from her own home life, are some of the best pictures of the life of brother and sister.

Aunts and uncles are visiting at Maggie's house, and after enduring many remarks concerning her thick, black, shaggy hair, Maggie at last flees in despair, bidding Tom to follow. Soon he finds her in the midst of her room, her thick hair, as usual, tumbling about her face. With both hands she holds a pair of shears. Snip! Part of the front locks are gone.

"Here, Tom, cut the back and have it over with," she cries hurriedly.

At first Tom holds the shears doubtfully, but mischief gets the upper hand, and the great scissors go grinding through the thick mass of hair.

"Oh, my buttons, Maggie, what a fright you are!" laughs Tom, dropping to the floor and holding his sides. "Look at yourself in the glass."

Maggie hurries to the mirror and takes one look at herself. Her thick, black hair now sticks from her head in a thousand different angles.

"Oh, my buttons, Maggie!" says Tom again. "I can't stand this. Guess I smell the dinner." And poor Maggie is left to stare at herself in despair and perplexity.

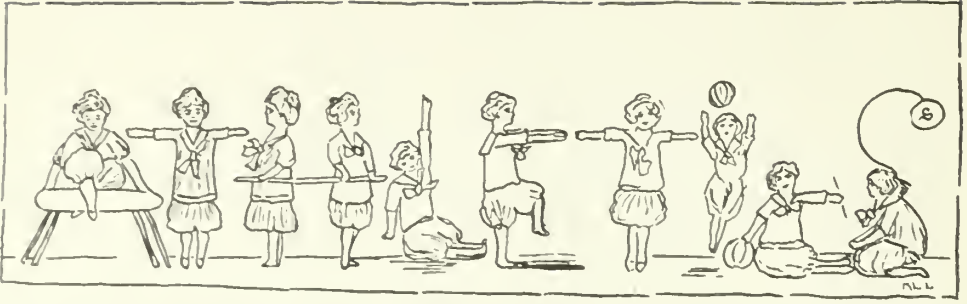
Very similar to other pictures of the life of Tom and Maggie are those of George Eliot's own childhood, put into her poem, "Brother and Sister."

"He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I, the girl, that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread."

Many were the haunts that these two knew, for they were always together. He plucked the fruit too high for her. He carried the basket and fishing rods when they trudged off together. He judged carefully when he guided her tiny feet on to the firm stepping-stones.

Such days George Eliot always remembered with a rare distinctness. They furnished her with themes pleasant to think and write about long years after, making her one of her children characters although she seems the loving mother. Through her own childhood, she has put childhood into her works, giving her pleasures to many others.

E. B.



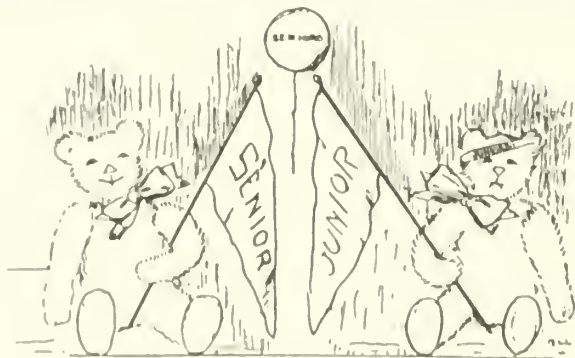
On the twenty-seventh of March there was unusual excitement over the annual struggle between the Senior and Junior Girls' Basket-Ball Teams. The story of the game includes not only the time during which the game was being played, but also an account of the jollification in the hall before morning exercises. The Senior side of the hall was decorated in their colors, red and white. The Junior side was all green and white. At ten minutes past nine the Senior class formed outside the Senior dressing room and marched to the hall, preceded by their banners and the mascots of the Senior and Special teams. There were seventy-two red balloons carried in the Senior line. The class cheered lustily, and seating themselves, they awaited the coming of the Juniors.

The Juniors entered, led by their mascot and four men in "clown suits", who acted as cheer-leaders. The Juniors formed in the center aisle, and cheered and sang for seven minutes. As they took their seats, the Senior class formed again, marched around the Juniors' seats until that class was completely surrounded, and then sang a song to the Juniors, ending with a cheer for them. At the end of the cheer they returned to their own seats, singing once more for themselves. It was nine twenty-five and the first up-roar of the day was over.

The game itself came off at three-thirty in the afternoon. Before the teams went on the floor, the two classes apparently tried to see which could make the most noise in the cheer line. There was a little preliminary practice, and then the whistle blew and the game was on. The Juniors made the first goal and how the class did yell! At the end of the first half, the score stood 7-3 in favor of the Juniors.

At the beginning of the second half, Miss Prime of the Senior team went off the floor, Miss Parziale took Miss Prime's place, and Miss Tenneson, Miss Parziale's. The Senior team went on determined to win or die in the attempt, and during the second half they caught up with the Juniors and passed them, making the final score 10-9.

The Junior team showed some good team work, and their passing was skilful; and if they play again next year, the Seniors hope they will win from their opponents. E. P.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Favorite Pastimes

Mr. Pitman—Urging girls to come back for the advanced course.
Miss Martin—Stalking lost books.
Miss Learoyd—Marking papers “N. A.”
Mr. Sauer—Draping himself over the furniture.
Miss Wellman—Signing ticket slips.
Miss Warren—“Skinning the cat.”
Mr. Archibald—Firing bricks.
Mr. Whitney—Giving D’s.
Miss Johnson—Receiving callers.
Miss Morse—Refusing party permits.
Mr. Doner—Cracking jokes.
Miss Cooper—Assigning plans.
Miss Rogers—Calling for unassigned lessons.
Mr. Cushing: Getting “human responses.”
Miss Hastings—“Fall in!”
Miss Peet—Making problems.
Miss Solomon—Smiling.
Mr. Sproul—All is not Gospel that thou dost speak.
Miss Rollinson—She takes no note of time.

Baby’s Lament

My dollie was the nicest doll
That ever you did see,
But since she got that dreadful fall,
She cannot look at me;
For now you see she has no eyes,
Because she broke her head.
And all day long she sits and cries,
And wants to stay in bed.

One day, when I was sick in bed,
And had a tummy ache,
Mamma, she sent for Doctor Ed,
And grandma made me cake.
And so I know what I shall do,
I’ll send for Doctor Ed,
And he will make her just like new,
And paint her cheeks bright red.

M. A. H.

Men's Athletics

The athletic season of 1913-14 has proved to be a very successful one, both from the standpoint of games won and the improvement in the physical condition of the men of the school. The object of athletics in our school is, first, to give the men a chance for physical exercise, and, second, to train them to become competent coaches in the schools in which they may teach.

The football candidates were called out by Coach Coffey the second week of school. Sixteen men reported, and the prospect for a successful season looked bright. The men drilled in the rudiments of the game for two weeks, when the first game was played with Haverhill High. Although our team met with defeat, the game showed we had the makings of a good team. After this defeat, our boys went into the game with a "do or die" spirit, which might well be compared with the "spirit of '76"; and the result was that the team won six, lost three, and tied two games during the season. Coach Coffey and Captain Hutchinson awarded fourteen letters to the men for their work.

The basketball season was postponed till after the mid-year vacation, in order to give the men a chance to rest up from the strenuous football season. Captain Hogan deserves much credit for molding the team out of the material at hand, as he had only two veterans available from last year's team. After three weeks' practice, the first game was played with Fitchburg Normal, and was won by the visiting team by a score of 11-9. The showing of our team was a great surprise, as the visitors were the same team that won the game last year by a much larger score. Throughout the entire year the team played hard and clean basketball.

The baseball team is to be captained by Andreas Turner, who is perfectly capable of turning out a winning team from the material at hand. Turner played three years on the Lynn English High team, and last year was second baseman on our team.

The men's athletic season has been very successful, taking into consideration that only twenty-two men are available for use in the sports.

M. R. H.

They sat a little way apart
Upon themselves intent;
A coolness lay between them,
Do you wonder what it meant?

But it was not so serious
As in some ways 'twould seem,
For swift the barrier passed away,
The coolness was — ice cream.

T. J. D.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Echoes from the Training School

Teacher: What does "transposition" mean?

Pupil: Well, it means that you take cabbages or potatoes from one part of the garden and plant them in another. (I fear Miss Warren has confused the child.)

Found in a sixth grade composition on "Arch Ball."

Archer Ball is the man that sits in front, gives you the pitch, and then you sing it.

Teacher: In some of the old Roman houses there are great fissures (Small hand raised in the rear) Well, James?

James: What kind of fishes? (Speaks well for Miss G's articulation!)

Found on paper in seventh grade in answer to a written test. There was no name to the paper—I wonder why?

"Taraff is a emaganary line beyond which no goods can travell."

Teacher: Who is Uncle Sam?

Pupil (eagerly): President Wilson.

Miss McCauley: The Greeks had many gods and goddesses, and Venus was the Goddess of Beauty.

Voice heard protesting: I don't think Venus is very pretty. Why, she hasn't any arms!

Teacher: Birds get mud on their feet to plaster their nests. Suppose there are seeds in the mud, what happens to them?

Small girl (giggling): They will grow in the bird's feet.

Miss Lufkin (after finishing a blackboard drawing of frogs): Asa, what have I drawn on the board?

Asa (with his head on one side): Them teacher? Them's teddy bears.

Little Willie B— had learned that he should always excuse himself if he sneezed while in the presence of others. One day while his division was studying the reading lesson and the other division was reciting, Willie had the misfortune to sneeze. Without a moment's hesitation, he piped out, "Excuse me!"

A Comedy of Errors

On a lonesome back road sat an old weather-beaten house, where two ladies had lived all alone for more than half a century. Going to the window one evening to draw the shades, one of the ladies saw a strange sight,—a man carrying a woman.

Naturally excited, she called her sister. As the man came nearer, they saw that in one arm he was carrying the headless body of a woman, while still more horrible, he had in the other hand,—the head. Too terrified to speak, too stunned to move, they stood gazing out of the window. As the man hurried by, he looked furtively up and increased his speed.

For fully five minutes after he had passed, the women remained fixed in one spot, staring wildly at each other. Then the elder sister broke the silence, exclaiming, "Prudence, what are we thinking of? He is a murderer! We have let him escape. Go see in what direction he has gone, and I will call up the police."

Prudence had just started for the door when the loud pealing of the bell sounded through the house. Her sister, in the act of taking down the receiver, dropped it with a bang, and then everything was quiet again.

Summoning up all her courage, Prudence for the second time approached the door on tiptoe, and peering out through the curtains, she saw two ladies, their nearest neighbors, pacing nervously up and down the piazza. She flung open the door, crying, "Did you see him? Who was he? Where did he go?"

As soon as the ladies, who were still trembling from the effects of their awful experience, could speak, they told their story. It was Mr. Grant,—the Mr. Grant who had been married only six months! There was no mistake. It was he, for he had looked directly at them. They informed the police at once.

* * * * *

Mr. Grant had just sat down to a piping hot supper. Opposite him sat his spoiled and petted wife, a sweet, delicate-looking woman. They heard a horse stop in front of the house, and then somebody rang the door bell.

"Who can be coming at this hour?" asked Mrs. Grant.

Her husband went to the door and opened it, but before he had time to say "Good evening," two policemen walked in, one of whom carried a pair of handcuffs.

"Mr. Grant," they said, "we have come to place you under arrest."

"What—?" asked Mr. Grant, with a frown.

"To place you under arrest, I say!" exclaimed one of the policemen, shortly.

"What for?" asked Mr. Grant.

"What for! On the charge of murder! Two ladies saw you carrying the mutilated body of a poor woman through the streets. Certainly you don't intend to deny the charge!"

"Deny the charge! Well, I guess!" laughed Mr. Grant. "Can't a child carry a doll without a license? Can't a man carry a dummy, a mere form, just the likeness of a person? Behold the murdered woman!" And as he opened a door, they saw lying on the floor a dressed model, with the wax head lying beside it.

The policemen looked sheepishly at each other, and then began to laugh.

"Is that the woman who has caused so much terror and trouble?"

"The very one," said Mr. Grant. "Let me tell you about her before — you arrest me."

"My wife is president of the Woman's Club. This morning, as I was going to my place of business, she asked me to send home by express a dressed form that I use in my store windows, for a play that they are to give tomorrow evening. I forgot to tell the expressman; so I had to bring it home myself. I took a back road because I did not want to attract too much attention. I cannot begin to tell you how awkward the creature was to carry. When I had gone a short distance, I unscrewed the head and took it in my other hand to equalize the weight. I distinctly remember that two ladies whom I passed edged to one side of the road when they saw me coming, and after I went by, took to their heels. I laughed to myself at the time, but I did not think of arrest. What do you say?"

Of course the "infamous murder" was hurriedly hushed up, and four women hung their heads the following night when they recognized on the stage the object that had caused so much trouble.

B. L. W.

Why?

There are many kinds of questions
That a person's asked in life;
But I wonder are there any
In the course of our school strife
More upsetting, and annoying,
Irritating, and, Oh my!
Set your head in frenzy reeling
Like the "foolish" question Why?

In class when you've recited
In a most scientific way,
And talked about all "phases"
And what the great "guys" say,
Then the teacher, looking wisely,
Kills your hopes of getting by;
Says he sharply, "Tho' that sounds well,
You forgot to tell me "Why?"

M. T. C.

Normal Seniors

Up at the break of day,
Breakfast and then away,
Fly Normal Seniors!
Books in their right hands held,
Books in their left hands held,
Books in their memories held (?),
Poor Normal Seniors!

Six recitations straight—
Never should one be late—
Especially a Senior!
“Lit” to begin the day,
Tired brains thereafter sway;
History ends the fray
For poor tired Seniors.

Study from three to five—
To do fourteen tasks do strive,
Overworked Seniors.
Then they set out for home.
Are all their lessons done?
No—they’ll be up till one—
Most of the Seniors.

Soon dawns another day,—
Again up, armed for the fray,
Set out the Seniors.
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die,
For “sheep skins” by and by,
Hard working Seniors!

M. G. W.

Oh, have you heard of the Aldine system,
That old, old plague of all our hearts?
In which we play we are birds and bees,
And flowers and squirrels, and old oak trees,
While our teacher sighs,—“Oh, girls, dear me!
Do put some life into your parts!”

H. C. S.

Description of a Senior by a Junior

An air of great importance, a scorn of Junior small,
Slight knowledge of psychology, in fact of studies, all.
With such a store of knowledge, is it strange that they feel tall?
Remember, oh! ye Seniors, "Pride goes before a fall."

With a knack of asking questions, and an ardent love to tease,
With an air of never hurrying, but doing as they please.
Whom lessons never worry, and from whom all trouble flees.
Pray would anyone but Seniors so take things at their ease?

Quite dignified in practice school, in manner and in dress,
With a fund of wit and wisdom, and of knowledge—more or *less*,
Who is this learned maiden, it is not hard to guess.
A grave and reverend Senior, 1914, S. N. S.

A. E. D.

Dont's for Juniors

Don't sing the morning hymn; the faculty like to do that.

Don't forget to slam the doors when you enter the main hall; then you will be noticed.

Never recite; the teachers prefer to do the talking.

Don't expect the Seniors to know you until after the reception; you have not been "formally presented."

Don't neglect any opportunity for adventure; you will need all you can get for "personal experience" themes in English.

Don't be offended in reading if you are chosen to fly around the room as a snowflake, or to play the part of a mud turtle.

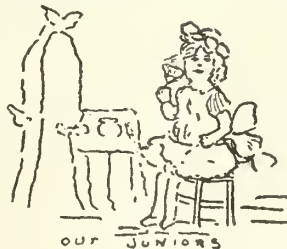
Don't offer an apology in music; bad colds have been wonderfully cured by Mr. Archibald's treatment.

Don't forget to go to the bank and lay in a stock of rolls of nickels, dimes, and pennies, so that you can bring the exact change for portfolio, paper, locker key, etc.

Never try to run away from "Jim", for you will always be found.

Don't write any excuses in the record book; Miss Wellman likes to hunt you up.

Don't forget to learn to tell your right hand from your left hand before taking gym.



Ten Juniors

Ten little Juniors, feeling just fine—
One lost her ticket-book,
Then there were nine.

Nine little Juniors, bemoaning their fate—
One missed the train,
Then there were eight.

Eight little Juniors got the train at eleven—
But one fell off,
Then there were seven.

Seven little Juniors began playing tricks—
One lost her school books,
Then there were six.

Six little Juniors, glad they're alive—
One left in the depot,
Then there were five.

Five little Juniors think school's a bore—
One took the train for home,
Then there were four.

Four little Juniors, all very wee—
One failed to find the school,
Then there were three.

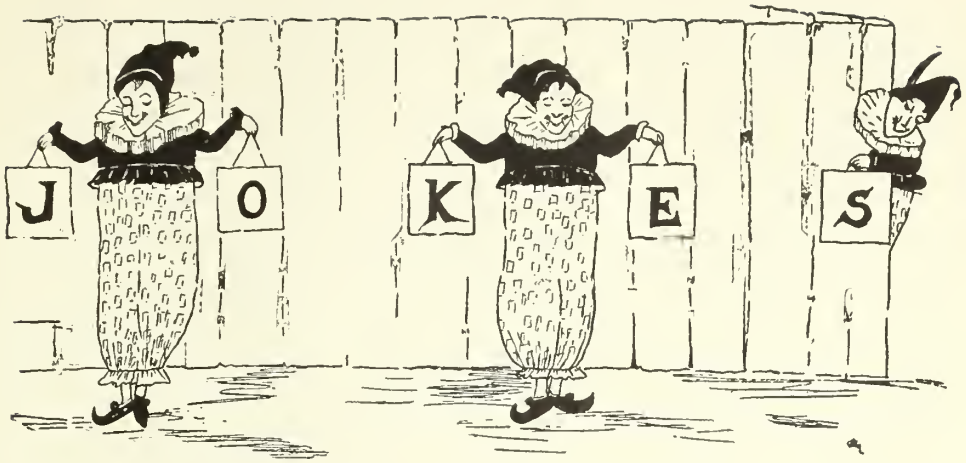
Three little Juniors, feeling so blue—
One failed in exams',—
Then there were two.

Two little Juniors, looking for fun—
One failed to find it,
Then there was one.

One little Junior started to run—
Was grabbed by a Senior,
Then there were none.

No little Juniors, at dear Normal School,
None but those Seniors,
Who always keep cool.

R. E. J.



"Gird up your loins all gayly; join in to help the fun,
Resign your injured dignity, for plain truth harmeth none.
In tender love we publish the secrets of your soul,
No man is spared the pestle within this mortar's bowl;
Dance, for you pay the piper; drink, for so drink the rest;
Shame to forget the proverb, 'he who laughs last laughs best'."

Miss Peet: Did you ever memorize the poem?

Miss Twombly: I did when I was a girl.

Mr. Archibald: (to Mrs. Sauer, to whom he had just been introduced without catching her name): Have you met Mr. Sauer?

Mr. Cushing: Miss Parsons, name some human response to the—

Distinctly heard from the corner where Miss R. Parsons is reposing: Snore! Sn-f-f!

When Alice Higgins trembles, she informs us that it is not with fear, but from emotion.

Miss Peet, in arith: Miss Larcom, have you any data on machinery?

Miss Larcom: Yes, I have some data about screws and nuts.

In the garden: How many of you are there in that row?

Three.

Well, half of you come up here and drive stakes!

Mr. Cushing: Where is the north?

Class, in unison: Up! (We should infer that Dr. Cook ascended in an aeroplane).

Miss Rogers (calling roll): Where are Miss Allen and Miss Eliason?

Pupil (timidly): In wading.

Miss Rogers (continuing): Ah, and Mr. Peebles—is he in wading, too?

Miss Warren: Why do we eat morning, noon and night?

Charlotte Prime: So that we can work in the middle!

Mr. Sauer: What canal has contributed to the growth of New York City?

Alice MacNally (who has been gazing dreamily at the ceiling): Cape Cod Canal?

Miss Cowden informs us that she does not admire people who carry their hearts on their sleeves.

Thanks, Esther, we know they're not worn there this year.

Miss Hastings (to class taking sideward step): We will have no Tangoing, nor Boston Dip, if you please. This is just a plain step.

Mr. Sauer: Why is Plymouth harbor not well sheltered?

Miss Raymond: Because it's too near the coast.

Mr. Sauer: Yes, harbors are generally near the coast.

Miss Townsend informs us that William Penn founded Philadelphia, walking up the street with a loaf of bread under each arm.

Helen O'Brien, interpreting the last two lines of Lowell's poem, "The Courtin'":

"And all I know is, they wuz eried

In meetin' come nex' Sunday."

Miss Peet: Explain the meaning of those two lines.

Helen O'Brien: Oh, it means that she eried.

Anna: What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing your fingers?

Jerry: Hold the hammer in both hands.

Ruth Hill: Say, have you found your middy yon lost yet?

Eva Fitts: No.

Ruth Hill: Why don't you advertise on the bulletin board?

Eva Fitts: No use; my middy can't read.

Teacher: You may take the second topic, Miss N.

Miss N (coming out of a dream): Yes, sir, I think it would, sir.

Grace: Going to make any Christmas presents this year?

Anna: Yes, it's cheaper than buying them.

Who said "great minds run in the same channel?" We proved it when, on being given our choice as to our songs to be selected, we, to a man, arose and tunelessly (?) warbled "Come, Little Leaves."

Some one in Senior IV finds the air fresh and "embracing."

Catherine Murphy believes in having only a "becoming cat."

Give a word whose plural is a totally different word.

Mr. Keefe (promptly): Lamb—sheep.

Nora V. Bresnahan closes her scenes with a "Curtin."

Test question: Explain why "hadn't ought" should not be used.

Mr. Goodell: *Had* does not express action and so cannot indicate *allied negation*.

Miss Peet: Fred had 400 marbles. He gave his brother Jack $121\frac{1}{2}\%$ of them. How many did Jack receive?

Toots (fifteen minutes later): 375 marbles.

Midsummer Night's Dream—The final reception.

Measure for Measure—Marks.

The Comedy of Errors—Gym.

Love's Labour Lost—The burnt biscuit at the cooking class.

As You Like It—Dancing in the gym.

Much Ado about Nothing—The Senior's burst balloons.

All's well that Ends Well—Graduation.

The Miscreant

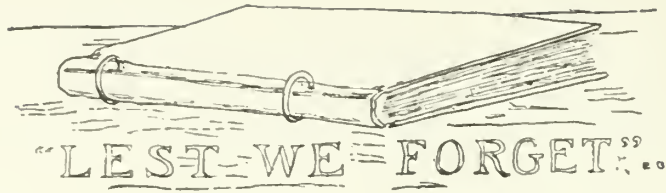
I've been a naughty boy today,
As naughty as could be;
I've hung my kitty down the well,
She meowed, Oh, hully gee!

I scared the little girls at play,
And pulled their pretty curls.
I scratched my desk and tore my books,
Set papers into whirls.

And now as I am going to bed,
The moon looks down at me;
His face is awful cross and stern;
I'm sorry as can be.

I will not be so bad again,
I promise to be good.
I'm going to be an angel child,
As teacher said I should.

E. P. P.



Senior Birthday Book

- JANUARY 3. *Teresa M. Curley*, 101 Elm St., Marblehead.
"Thus wisely careless, innocently gay, cheerful she played."
- JAN. 8. *Margaret E. Cody*, 28 Buxton St., Peabody.
"I am as sober as a judge."
- JAN. 11. *Marion Kelly*, 25 Paris St., Everett, Mass.
"Laugh and be fat."
- JAN. 19. *Ruth L. Lufkin*, 18 Pine St., Gloucester.
"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
- JAN. 24. *Elizabeth Condon*, 15 Boardman St., Salem.
Poor little girlie,
Happy and sweet,
In her best costume
Looks very neat.
- FEBRUARY 5. *Helen M. O'Brien*, 239 Emerald St., Malden.
Pleasure has been the business of my life.
- FEB. 7. *Katherine Allen*, 53 Gould Ave., Malden.
"Life is a joke and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it."
- FEB. 8. *Marion J. Cromwell*, 14 Cheever St., Chelsea.
"I don't see it."
- FEB. 9. *Nellie L. Hanlon*, 14 Flint St., Salem.
"With a smile that is child-like and bland."
- FEB. 19. *Rose M. Woolley*, 10 Minot St., West Lynn.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew.
- FEB. 26. *Emma F. McCauley*, 19 Proctor St., Salem.
"A cheery lip, a bonny eye, a passing, pleasing tongue."
- MARCH 1. *Charlotte M. Cairnes*, 54 Berkshire St., Cambridge.
Never known to lose(?), borrow(?) or lend(?),
Oh, Giggles, it's you, dear little friend.
- MAR. 11. *Annie G. Loring*, 358 Main St., Groveland.
"Oh, how beautiful it is to love!"
- MAR. 15. *Ethel M. Smith*, Prospect St., Amesbury.
"Neat, not gaudy."



GRADUATING CLASS, 1914

- MAR. 16. *Marion P. Webster*, 26 Eagle St., Newburyport.
 "Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
 And only of thyself a judge severe."
- MAR. 21. *Emma Poland*, 17 Central St., Nahant.
 "There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."
- MAR. 24. *Isabel N. Hay*, 4 Smith St., Lynn.
 "Style is the dress of thought."
- MAR. 27. *Helen F. Caulfield*, 55 Prospect St., Salem.
 "Is she not passing fair?"
- MAR. 31. *E. Marie Lundgren*, 50 Harrison Ave., Somerville.
 "Why aren't they all contented like me?"
- APRIL 1. *Margaret T. Murray*, 19 Haskell St., Beverly Farms.
 "As in beauty she surpassed the quire,
 So nobler than the rest was her attire."
- APR. 1. *Anna D. Rose*, 10 Lapham St., Medford.
 "When none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."
- APR. 2. *Mary E. Aylward*, 1 Warner St., Salem.
 Imagination rules the world.
- APR. 2. *Lillah M. MacKinnon*, 220 Walnut St., Newburyport.
 "The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lover's pains;
 With age she fades,—each lover flies;
 Contemned, forlorn, she pines and dies."
- APR. 2. *Esther E. Nelson*, Lynnfield Center.
 "Wedding's a destiny; so is hanging."
- APR. 9. *Clara L. Coman*, 164 S. Main St., Putnam, Conn.
 "It is so soon that I am done for,
 I wonder what I was begun for."
- APR. 14. *Emma J. Lamb*, 19 Fountain St., Orange.
 "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
- APR. 19. *Mollie Bridge*, Curve St., Wakefield.
 "I should worry."
- APR. 20. *Annie L. Ellis*, Forest St., Peabody.
 Oh little maiden quiet,
 What will you do all day?
 I'll sit in my seat and listen
 To what others have to say.
- APR. 20. *M. Louise McGlone*, 68 Midway St., Peabody.
 "Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind."
- APR. 21. *Myron R. Hutchinson*, 11 Ocean Ave., Salem.
 "Oh, Heaven! were man
 But constant, he were perfect."
- APR. 23. *Rachel E. Cotton*, 48 Glen St., Malden.
 As some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the pictures there.

- APR. 30. *Ruth H. Carter*, 33 Chestnut St., Winchendon.
 "One could mark her merry nature by the twinkle in her eye."
- MAY 6. *Blanche L. Whelpley*, 159 Forest St., Arlington Heights.
 "And oh, her e'en! they spac sic things."
- MAY 6. *Faustina E. Smith*, 2 Unicorn St., Newburyport.
 "I am nothing if not critical."
- MAY 7. *Helen C. Bray*, 31 Pleasant St., Beverly.
 "Lives spent in indolence, and therefore sad."
- MAY 18. *Esther M. Hanley*, 61 Unity Ave., Belmont.
 "I chatter, chatter as I go."
- MAY 20. *Esther B. Cowden*, Lombard Ave., Amesbury.
 "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
- MAY 21. *Marie L. O'Keefe*, 3 School St. Court, Salem.
 Who is it that has turned a Grind? It's our star student, Kite.
- MAY 23. *May A. Twombly*, 39 Eln Park, Groveland.
 "On their own merits modest men are dumb."
- MAY 25. *Ruth E. Jeffs*, 35 Baleomb St., North Salem.
 Half our knowledge we must snatch, not catch.
- MAY 26. *Mildred B. Morris*, Siasconset, Mass.
 "Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can.
 I fear not you, nor yet a better man."
- MAY 26. *Ethel N. Sands*, 21 Monroe St., Amesbury.
 "Whenee is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
- JUNE 2. *Austin M. Rankin*, 44 Cross St., Beverly.
 "A bold, bad man."
- JUNE 5. *Mary A. Coffee*, 9 Norton Ave., Medford.
 The best way to silence her is to let her alone.
- JUNE 5. *Mary E. O'Loughlin*, 31 Quincy St., Malden.
 "And loathful idleness she doth detest,
 The canker worm of every gentle breast."
- JUNE 7. *M. Helen Vaile*, 16 Pickering St., Danvers.
 "A maiden never bold."
- JUNE 11. *Eleanora B. della Sala*, 19 Lynn St., Chelsea.
 "Her voice was ever soft and low,
 An excellent thing in woman."
- JUNE 12. *Abbie F. Tuttle*, Wakefield, N. H.
 "Would that I had a chance to tell all I know."
- JUNE 18. *Helen E. Henderson*, 53 Windsor St., Boston.
 "To all she was polite without parade."
- JUNE 19. *Lead J. Benjamin*, 402 Cabot St., Beverly.
 The desire of leisure is much more natural—
- JUNE 19. *Anna R. Canfield*, 205 Cedar St., Winter Hill.
 Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you'll grow double!

- JUNE 20. *Nora B. Bresnahan*, 94 Chatham St., Lynn.
There is no true orator who is not a hero.
- JUNE 20. *Hettie C. Smith*, Exeter, N. H.
"It is true that I can love but one person at a time."
- JUNE 23. *Mary A. O'Connor*, 99 Concord Ave., Cambridge.
"From little spark may burst a mighty flame."
- JUNE 26. *Ruth M. Glines*, 676 Cabot St., Beverly.
She knew it all at all times, and no one knew her marks.
- JUNE 29. *Alice A. Harrington*, 53 Norris St., No. Cambridge.
"Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost."
- JUNE 30. *Anna B. Coffin*, 43 Elm St., Marblehead.
We find out some excuse or other for deferring good resolutions.
- JULY 2. *Charlotte K. Prime*, Rowley.
"Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment."
- JULY 4. *Timothy J. Driscoll*, N. Andover.
"The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
I spent among the lasses."—the only man in Sen. I.
- JULY 5. *Adeline F. Hall*, 6 Spaulding St., Wakefield.
"And some are born to lead where'er they go
Lead on, Macduff!"
- JULY 8. *Kathleen M. Galvin*, 347 Medford St., Malden.
"To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance."
- JULY 9. *Elizabeth Burnham*, Western Ave., Essex.
"I never dare to write as funny as I can."
- JULY 22. *Ethel F. Dugmore*, 37 Dexter St., Medford.
"Sweet patience, would that I could acquire it!"
- JULY 24. *E. Marie Callahan*, 13 Adams Court, Lynn.
My latest passion will be for literature.
- JULY 27. *Hildegarde C. Hedberg*, 8 Evelyn Ave., Malden.
I'd rather tango than eat.
- JULY 27. *Mary E. Convery*, 56½ Robin St., Everett.
Harmony, with ev'ry grace,
Plays in the fair proportions of her face.
- JULY 28. *Ivy L. Wright*, 6 Washington Place, Peabody.
"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."
- JULY 31. *Elizabeth J. Colcord*, 35 Gooch St., Melrose.
No sooner had they met than they did love.
- AUGUST 2. *M. Alice Higgins*, 19 Floyd Ave., Lynn.
"A prodigy of learning."
- AUG. 2. *Helen Learoyd*, 367 Maple St., Danvers.
And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful "urs."

- AUG. 4. *Grace L. Noble*, 20 Odell Ave., Beverly.
Laughing gaily all the day,
- AUG. 10. *Hazel R. Johnson*, 90 Aborn St., Peabody.
"That indolent but agreeable condition of doing nothing."
- AUG. 13. *Mary E. O'Grady*, Kernwood, Salem.
A faithful worker, not a "grind",
For well she knows that a peaceful mind,
That is, the thought of lessons done,
Means hours of bliss for more than one.
- AUG. 13. *Mary F. Nolan*, 74 Topliff St., Dorchester.
"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
- AUG. 14. *Crescentia M. Killion*, 131 Russell St., Malden.
"The desire of leisure is much more natural than that of business and care."
- AUG. 15. *Pearl C. Hatch*, Washington St., Middleton.
"A pearl of great price."
- AUG. 17. *Alice MacNally*, 54 Georgia St., Roxbury.
I will be heard.
- AUG. 19. *Mary A. Dennehy*, 6 Cliff St., Beverly.
Ever striving, ever working,
Always willing, never shirking.
- AUG. 19. *Lucy M. Larcom*, 181 Lothrop St., Beverly.
"Better late than never."
- AUG. 20. *Annie Cohen*, 967 Blue Hill Ave., Dorchester.
Cohen is short; Cohen is thin;
We all know Annie
By her Cheshire grin.
- AUG. 21. *Anna C. Parziale*, 5 George St., Chelsea.
"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love."
- AUG. 22. *Edythe A. Healey*, 59 Clarendon Ave., Lynn.
"Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away."
- AUG. 24. *Grace Lyness*, 169 Beacon Hill Ave., Lynn.
"Gaby", but not Deslys.
- AUG. 27. *Eliza St. Pierre*, 284 Washington St., Salem.
If you're looking for some rare, good fun,
Eliza St. Pierre's the one.
- AUG. 29. *Helen L. Clausmeyer*, 4 Shaw St., West Roxbury.
"The strength of twenty men."
- SEPTEMBER 2. *Josephine E. Welsh*, 22 Stearns St., Malden.
If ever "unprepared" you feel,
Just go to Josephine. She'll "spiel."
- SEPT. 7. *Esther Fletcher*, 8 Mason St., Malden.
"Who steals my purse, steals trash."
- SEPT. 12. *Sadie M. Tenneson*, 1249 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington Heights.
I can paddle my own canoe(?)

SEPT. 15. *Lillian F. Commins*, 24 Hanson St., Somerville.

"If they be principles evident of themselves, they need nothing to evidence them."

SEPT. 16. *Sarah J. McLaughlin*, Harmony Court, Nahant.

"Let every man be persuaded in his own mind."

SEPT. 19. *Lorena K. Campbell*, 59 Superior St., East Lynn.

An "entertainer" is Lorena.

SEPT. 22. *R. Ursula Bessom*, 13 Sewall St., East Lynn.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

SEPT. 27. *F. Arline Sawyer*, 57 Henry Ave., Lynn.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

SEPT. 28. *Rose E. Monagham*, 30 Beaver St., Salem.

'Tis alas, her modest, bashful nature
That makes her silent.

OCTOBER 1. *Mildred Campbell*, 96 Maple St., Middleton.

Marriages are made in Heaven.

OCT. 4. *Florence C. Carr*, 46 High St., Stoneham.

"I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing."

OCT. 8. *Marion A. Moriarty*, 7 Bell St., Danvers.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

OCT. 12. *Henrietta Townsend*, West Manchester, Mass.

"Wrapped up in measureless content."

OCT. 13. *Ada V. Dolan*, 42 Medford St., Medford.

She has a little horn which is always toot'n,
And as it blows it seems to say, "When I was out at Newton."

OCT. 16. *Catherine T. Murphy*, 24 Frank St., N. Cambridge.

Oh, how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul!

OCT. 18. *Lucy A. Fitzgerald*, 251 Bunkerhill St., Charlestown.

"Would all did so well as I."

OCT. 19. *Loretta M. Mulally*, 63 Endicott St., Danvers.

"Order is heav'n's first law."

OCT. 20. *Elizabeth P. Payne*, 13 Lafayette St., Wakefield.

"Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

OCT. 22. *Dorothy R. Cohn*, 675 Broadway, Malden.

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star.

OCT. 24. *Amelia S. Allen*, Commercial St., Lynn.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

OCT. 26. *Ethel M. Currier*, North Andover.

"Good things come in small packages."

OCT. 30. *Josephine M. Goldsmith*, 5 Hartford St., Dorchester.

"All dressed up and no place to go."

OCT. 31. *Grace E. Dalton*, 105 Dudley St., Cambridge.

Her eyes are cheery and bright,
But, above all else, her heart's all right.

- OCT. 31. *Mildred F. Randall*, 3 Madison St., Amesbury.
 Her sober lips then did she softly part,
 Whence of pure rhetoric whole streams outflow.
- NOVEMBER 1. *Flora E. Huntington*, 41 Fair Street, Newburyport.
 "She'll pass for a most virtuous dame."
- NOV. 1. *Edward F. Richards*, 17 Proctor St., Peabody.
 "Contradiet me, and live?"
- NOV. 3. *Hannah C. Strandal*, Pigeon Hill St., Pigeon Cove.
 "Rockport's name need never fear,
 Be Hannah Strandal far or near."
- NOV. 4. *Helen M. Fogg*, 147 Howe St., Methuen, Mass.
 "I cannot say one thing and mean another."
- NOV. 4. *Rose A. Godfrey*, 32 Phillips St., Salem.
 "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope' my lips, let no dog bark."
- NOV. 5. *Ida J. Goldman*, Loring Ave., Salem.
 She's never happy unless she has the better end of the conversation.
- NOV. 5. *Bertha Reid*, N. Reading.
 "But there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."
- NOV. 12. *Madeline E. Connor*, 11 Tufts Lane, Medford.
 Her hair is curly, her eyes are blue,
 As a geography lecturer she'll surpass me and you.
- NOV. 20. *Catherine L. Murphy*, 108 Johnson St., Lynn.
 Heav'n heard her song, and hasten'd her relief.
- NOV. 22. *Mary T. Cashman*, 16½ Woodbridge St., Cambridge.
 "A sweet and gracious nature."
- NOV. 22. *Carolyn Palmer*, 107 Bowdoin St., Winthrop.
 "Woman, woman, hold your tongue,
 Or your work will ne'er be done."
- NOV. 26. *Edna Locke*, 5 Fairmount St., Salem.
 "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."
- NOV. 28. *Margaret Beattie*, 401 Washington St., Somerville.
 "You pine, you languish, love to be alone,
 Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh."
- NOV. 28. *Daisy M. Riggs*, 3 Essex St., Gloucester.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned her skill,
 For, e'en though vanquished, she could argue still.
- DECEMBER 1. *Adeline E. Cox*, 78 Alexander St., Dorchester.
 "We are what we must and not what we would be."
- DEC. 4. *Julia M. Riordan*, 165 Albion St., Somerville.
 If Julia Riordan's by the way,
 Imagination has its sway.
- DEC. 6. *Georgianna Williams*, Hull St., East Wenham.
 "Mark me, how still I am."
- DEC. 6. *Gladys M. MacKay*, West Ave., Cliftondale.
 "The woman that deliberates is lost."

- DEC. 9. *Harriette E. Stetson*, 17 Spofford Ave., Georgetown.
 As sweet, as modest, and as bright
 As an arbutus in the early morning light.
- DEC. 10. *Anna R. Walsh*, 27 Avon St., Somerville.
 "Hail, fellow, well met."
- DEC. 25. *Lenox E. Chase*, Highland St., Amesbury.
 "I resolve to be fat and look young till forty."
- DEC. 27. *Elsie W. Freeto*, 44 Pond St., Marblehead.
 "Not much talk—a great, sweet silence."
- DEC. 29. *Celia Del Gratta*, 30 Woodville St., Everett.
 In reading and in lit. she makes an *awful* hit.
 She also has the honor of being a prima donna.
- DEC. 29. *Marguerite C. E. Stetefeld*, 43 Bonair St., Somerville.
 "O impudent! regardful of thy own
 Whose thoughts are centered on thyself alone."

Specials

Marion Renfrew.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Grace McSweeney.

There's the humor of it.

Eva Jones.

Here the heart may give a useful lesson to the head
 And learning wiser grow without his books.

Ida George.

And thereby hangs a tale.

Helen Parsons.

I was not always a man of woe.

Nellie Hourihan.

Motley's the only wear.

Annie Hall.

Oh, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

Charles Olson.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar.

Clara Hinckley.

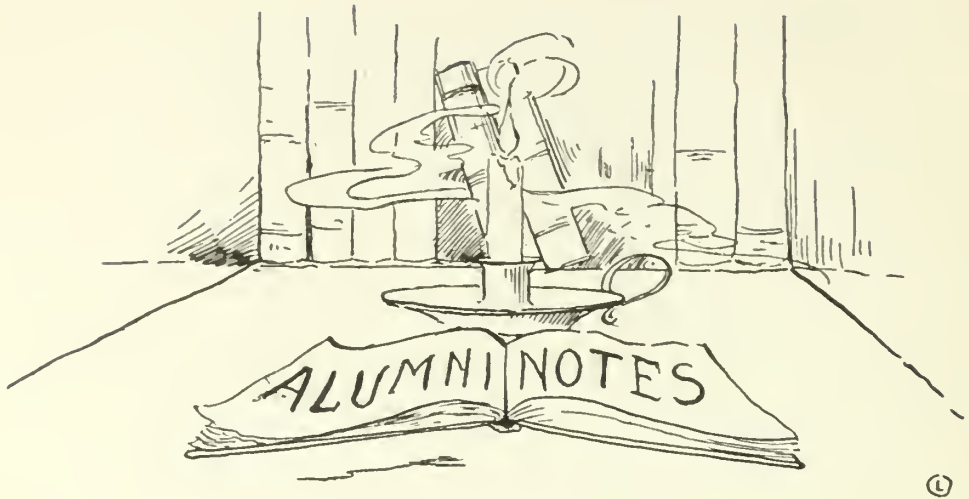
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.

Mildred Hood.

O simple child
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb.

Mary Ward.

Little, but spunky.



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Class Day June 16, 1914

SHAKESPEAREAN MUSICAL AND Pantomime.

In order that the parents and friends of the graduates this year may be entertained, the following program has been arranged:—A selection will be played by an orchestra. Then will follow four songs selected from Shakespeare's dramas, and sung by the Senior Glee Club, "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind", "Ariel's Song", and "Tell me where is fancy bred?" These songs will be followed by a pantomime, in which the audience will see the dance of Iris and the reapers from "The Tempest"; Miranda and her noble lover, Ferdinand; Ophelia strewing flowers and singing; the tragic Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep and rubbing the spot of blood from her hands; the three witches winding up their charm on the heath; the humorous Touchstone and his awkward country wench, Audrey; and lastly, the duel between the fair Viola, in man's attire, and the pale, trembling Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

The pantomime will be followed by Mendelssohn's "Overture from A Midsummer Night's Dream", and the scene from the drama where Titania is lulled to sleep by her fairies and awakens to find herself in love with Bottom, who, at this time, is wearing the ass's head placed upon him by the roguish Puck.

After the pantomime, the Senior Class will entertain their friends.

ALICE HIGGINS,

Chairman of Entertainment Committee.



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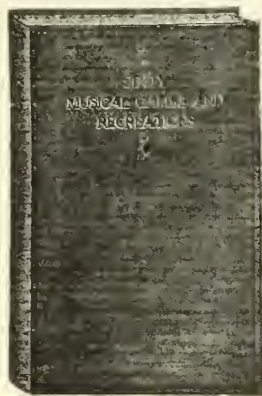
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